# *Damon* and *Celia*, Or, The languishing lover comforted.

Of all new Songs, the Poet hopes that this
Will please you well, because he knows it is,
A very good one, you may find hereby,
There's nothing lost by loving constantly.
Which ought to be all honest Lovers Guide,
But as for such who no delays abide,
Let them love one, for half an hour, no more,
And when they've done, go call their Mrs. Whore.

To a pleasant New Play house Tune, called, No, no, 'tis in vain, &c.

NO, no, 'tis in vain,
Though I sigh and complain,
Yet the secret I'le never reveal,
The wracks shall not tear it,
From my breast, but I'le bear it,
To the Grave, where it ever shall dwell;
Oh! would that the Gods had created her low,
and plac'd the poor Hylas above,
Then, then I a present might freely bestow,
of a heart that is all over love.

Like the damn'd from the fire,
I may gaze and admire,
But never can hope to be blest:
Oh the Pangs of a Lover,
That dares not discover,
The Passion that lodges in his breast:
Like a Deer that is wounded I bleeding run on,
and fain I'de fortune would hide,
But oh 'tis in vain, for where-ever I run,
the bloody Dart sticks in my side.

Like a Ship on the Ocean,
I am ever in motion,
in a tempest being tossi'd and tost,
Dreading each Wave,
To procure my grave,
or on the hard Rock to be lost.
Each frown from my Celia does threaten my woe
which I alas find to be true,
My torments do follow wherever I go,
'tis in vain to flye, fate will pursue.

If the cause she'd discover,
To her languishing lover,
Why, why, she so cruel doth prove,
An Altar I'le raise,
And her anger appease,
By a Sacrific'd heart to her love.
Then Cupid would know the fault lay not in me
and ease my distraction and pain,
Methinks to his god-head an honour 'twould be
in making her love me again.

But if he take part,
To destroy my poor heart,
Then I'le curse both his Quiver and Bow,
For he if he please,
Can to Lovers give ease,
and make them his power to know;
My Celia from blame I will ever let free,
and her name I will a ways adore,
She's a Goddess on earth, to be worship'd by me
expecting her blessing in store.

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## *Celia's* Kind Answer.

IT is not in vain,
You do sigh and complain,
For the secret to me is reveal'd;
My breast now doth bear it,
Where so ever I'l wear it,
such flames cannot long be conceal'd:
The Gods have created me low to your mind,
and plac'd your affections above,
The present I ask is that still you'l prove kind,
and give me that heart full of love.

Like the bless'd, free from trouble,
Our joys still may double,
and never no sorrows can know;
Then happy's that Lover,
Which dares not discover,
those flames which occasion his woe;
Like a Prisoner set free, he may sing & rejoyce,
when he from confinement is clear,
If his Mistris prove kind, then thrice happies (his choice
no bloody darts after appear.

Like a Merchant whose treasure,
Comes home in full measure,
from the Indies who long had been gone;
Such joys do abound,
To a Lover that's crown'd,
with success, who before look'd for none.

Now smile my dear Damon the day is your own
no more of your Celia complain,
Your constancy my true affections hath won,
then count not your sorrows in vain.

It was onely to try ye,
which made me deny ye,
the cause now you certainly know,
My heart you shall have,
Till cold Death to the Grave,
does force us to pay what we owe.
Little Cupid hath heard thee, and made me prove (kind
he heard your complaints e'ry day,
but when the night came he did torture my mind
by telling me what you did say.

He was your best friend,
And your suit did commend,
then pritty sweet Damon, no more
Let's not angry prove,
To the God of our love,
but for ever his power adore:
My heart is thy own, and I'l give thee my hand
we'l marry and make no delay;
And I my own self will be at thy command,
to please thee by night and by day.

FINIS.

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